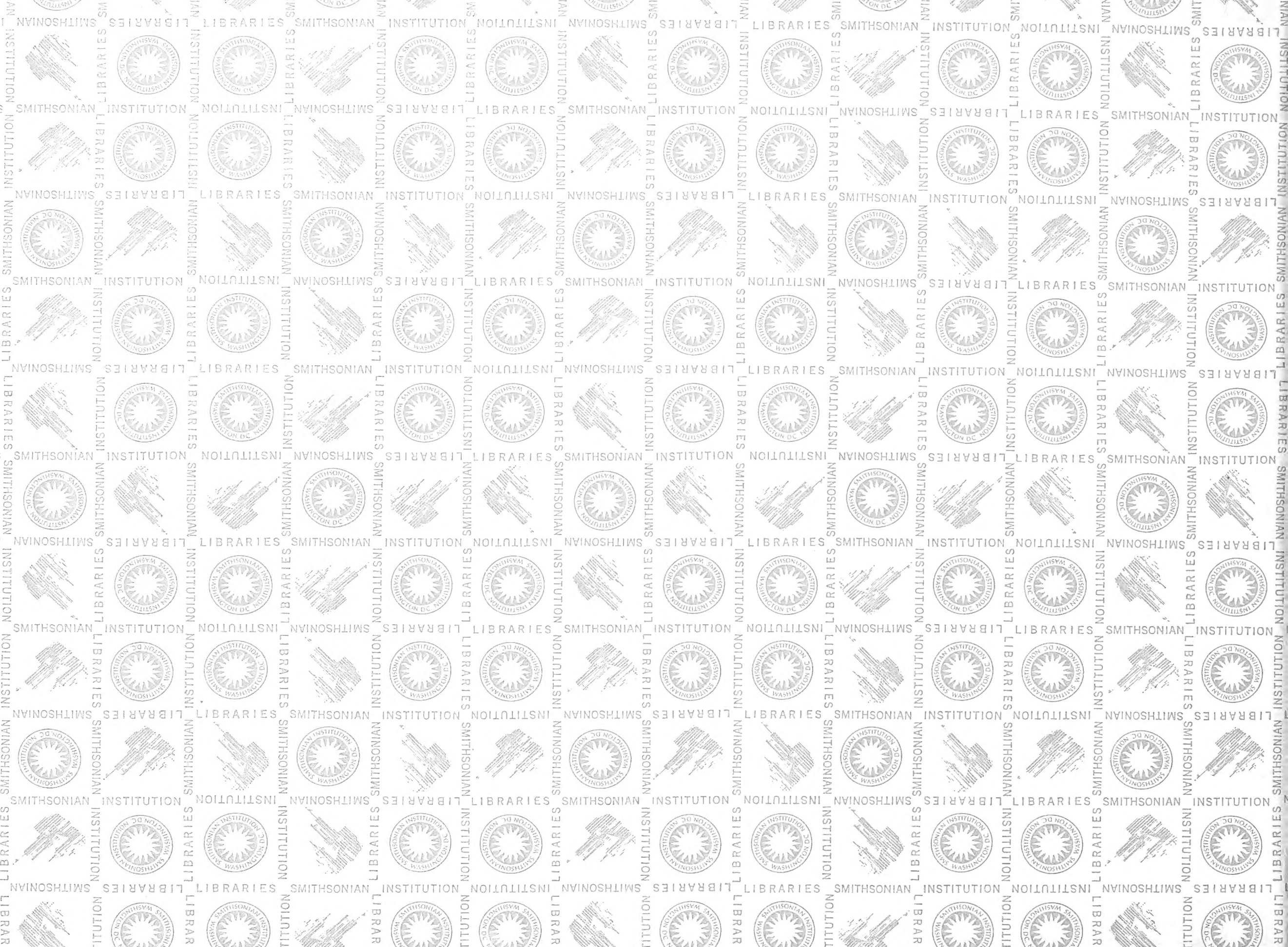
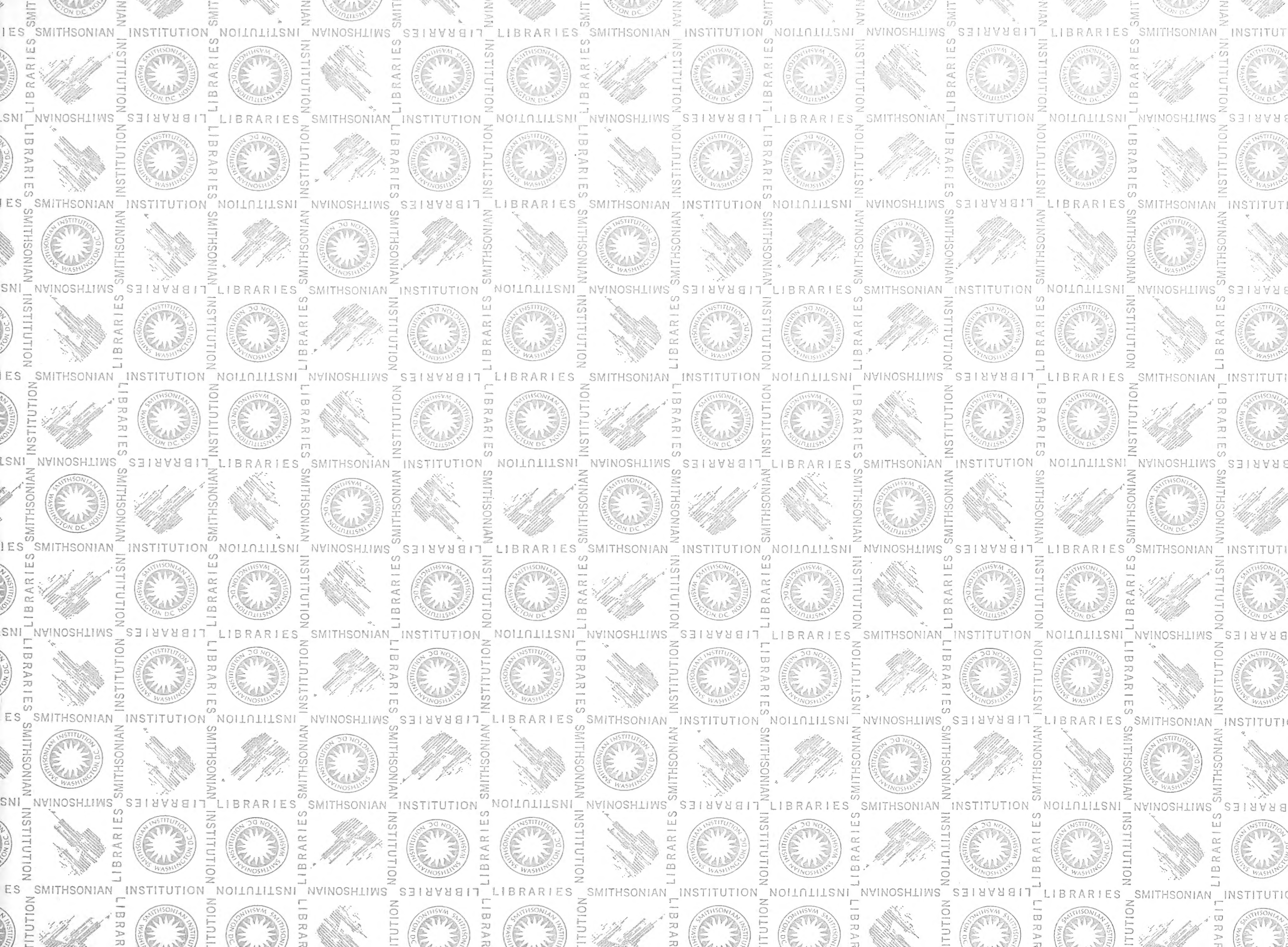


ALLEN'S
VIEWS ON THE NIGER.





164
PICTURESQUE VIEWS

ON THE

RIVER NIGER,

SKETCHED DURING LANDER'S LAST VISIT IN 1832-33,

BY

COMMANDER WILLIAM ALLEN, R.N.,

F.R.G.S. of London and Paris, and Corresponding Member of the Zoological Society.



LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET; HODGSON & GRAVES, PALL MALL; AND ACKERMAN, STRAND.

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AS THE CONDITION OF THIS VOLUME
WOULD NOT PERMIT SEWING, IT WAS
TREATED WITH A STRONG, DURABLE
ADHESIVE ESPECIALLY APPLIED TO
ASSURE HARD WEAR AND USE.

TO

His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, R.G.,

President of the Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade, and for the Civilization of Africa,

THESE VIEWS

ARE DEDICATED, WITH GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'

MOST DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

WILLIAM ALLEN,

Commander, H.M. Steam Vessel, Wilberforce.

7 - APR 11
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PREFACE.

MORE than eight years have elapsed since an attempt was made to carry commerce into the interior of Africa, through the road previously discovered by the brothers, RICHARD and JOHN LANDER. The disastrous termination, and the failure as a commercial speculation, of that spirited enterprise, are well known; and they had the effect—apparently—of destroying the interest which the River Niger had hitherto excited.

Those, however, who watched with intense anxiety the increasing horrors of the Slave Trade, and who saw that the means were ineffectual which had hitherto been employed for its extinction, believed, nevertheless, that a way was providentially opened to the very source of the evil. An enlightened Government, adopting the views of these philanthropists, readily consented to send an Expedition, composed of three iron men-of-war steam-vessels, up the River Niger, with Commissioners charged by Her Majesty to make treaties with the native chiefs for the suppression of this horrible traffic; and to point out to them the advantages they will derive, if, instead of the wars and aggressions to which it gives rise, they will substitute an innocent and a legitimate commerce.

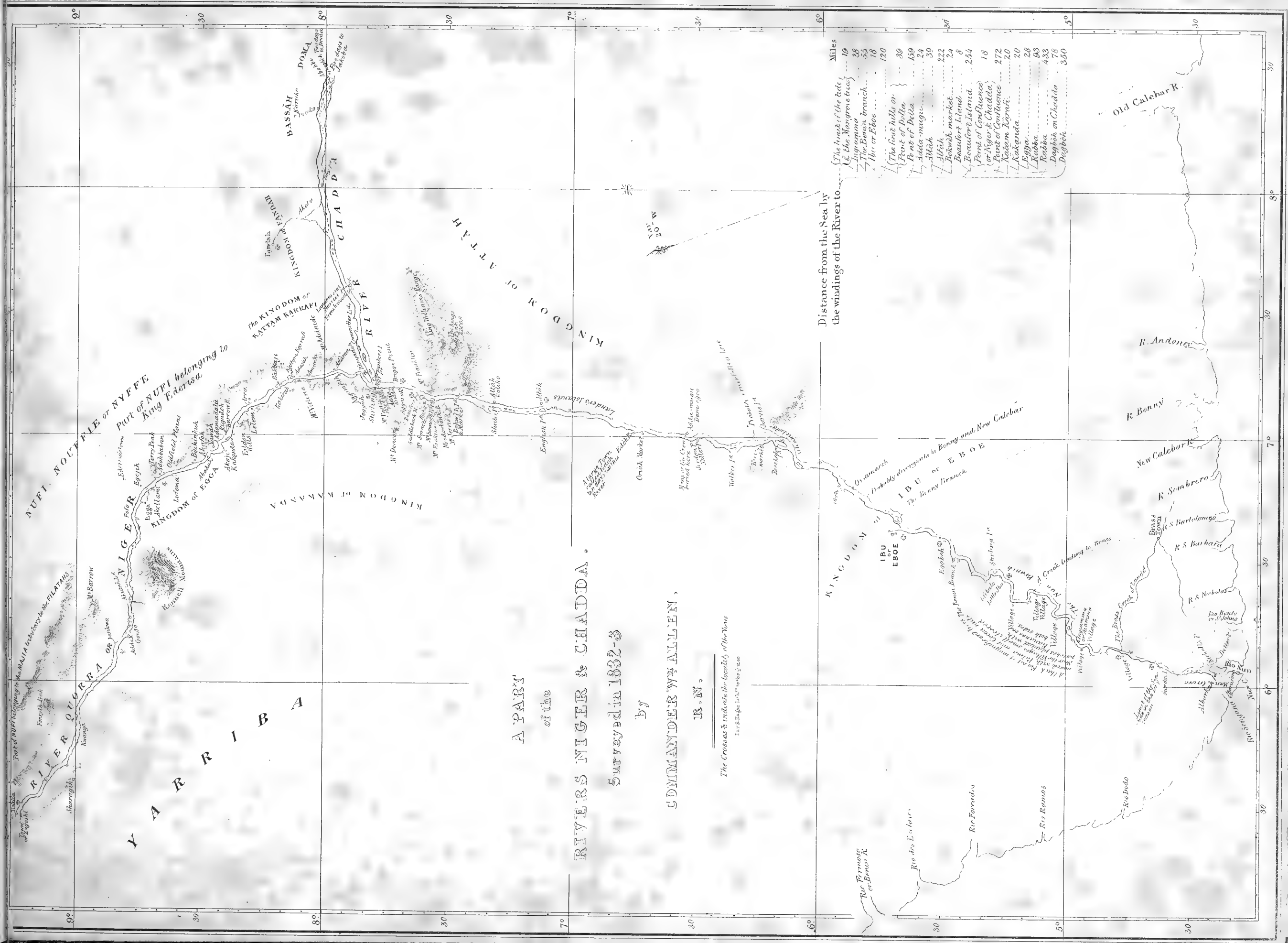
This mission of Peace and Charity—which will redound so much to the true glory of this country—is on the eve of departure; and the deep interest on behalf of Africa—which has never been extinguished in humane minds,—will thus derive a fresh stimulus, and a more general participation.

The Author, therefore, of the following little work, who is about to take a part in this honourable mission, hopes that an endeavour to delineate the features of the country, and the manners of the people, may at this time prove acceptable.

PREFACE.

The descriptive notices have been chiefly extracted from his Diary, which was in part published in the "United Service Journal," between the months of July 1839 and May 1840.

The sketches were made on the spot during Lander's expedition, which he accompanied, by order of the Admiralty, for the purpose of making a survey of the river; and while he would claim some indulgence for them, on the plea of their having been taken when he was suffering severely from the effect of the climate, he takes confidence from the goodness of the cause, and from the high auspices under which he appears before the Public.



PICTURESQUE VIEWS ON THE NIGER.

AMONG the various instances in which the most simple natural phenomena have mocked the sagacity of theorists, is the fact, that, while the numerous outlets of the great river of Central Africa have presented themselves palpably to the observation of Geographers, its course and termination have eluded detection, and have remained during so many ages in impenetrable mystery. One of the principal reasons for this, may have been the apparent insignificance of the channels, by which the volume of its waters is poured into the sea. The Niger, and the more magnificent Chadda, swollen at least thirty-five feet above their level in the dry season, by the periodical rains which they have collected, the former from the western, and the latter from the eastern parts of Sudàn, or Nigritia—flow together in one mighty stream, more than a hundred miles. They are then subdivided into numberless branches and creeks, intersecting in every direction the Delta, of no less than one hundred and sixty miles square—formed by *their* deposition of alluvium—whence they are received into twenty-two estuaries, preparatory to their final discharge into the “multitudinous ocean.” This distribution over such an extent of coast, is indispensable; the rise and fall of the sea-tide being only six feet, it therefore could not otherwise carry off the floods. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine that the channel, by which we sought the main stream, could be an outlet of a river of the first order. Where we entered, it was not more than thirty yards wide, but this was a mere connecting creek leading to the principal channel, which afterwards opened out, and gradually increased as the divergents were passed, until we came to the magnificent undivided river, about three-quarters of a mile wide.

1. At the part represented in the first sketch, the Nun branch, eight or nine leagues from the sea, is about 200 yards wide. The mangrove tree, with its arching and slime-covered roots, has given place—marking also the limit of the sea-tide—to the graceful palm and cocoa-nut, with forest trees in increasing variety and magnificence. The banks become firm, cleared in very small patches here and there for plantations of bananas; all, however, in the most profound silence and solitude; not a vestige of animal life is seen, except a solitary contemplative crane standing at the margin of the water, and hardly scared away even by the novelty of our appearance.

2. The huts in the villages of the Delta, unlike those of the interior, are of a square form, with gable ends. The inhabitants also appear to be of a different race, and the comparison is very much in favour of those of the interior, who have not been corrupted by intercourse with white men, which has hitherto, unfortunately for the cause of humanity, been usually so debasing in its effects on the savage. At the first village above the swamps, the natives were much frightened; but when Lander and myself landed unarmed, they were so pleased, that they ran in search of goats and fowls, which they offered us, and gratefully received a small piece of cloth in return.

3. On anchoring in the evening, Boy, King of the Brass country, who had accompanied us, made fast his canoe to the bank abreast. This Chief, with his wives and *pulla-boys*, slept in the canoe, or were lying about on the banks, perfectly contented with the wide vault of heaven for a canopy, which, whether of a deep azure, and resplendent with its thousand luminaries, or blackened with the coming tornado, is equally unheeded by them; they generally sleep soundly, even while the thunder might wake all but the dead. They, however, provide against the want of rest by exertions in paddling very hard during the day, and by dancing and singing half the night. In these performances they have utterly banished—or rather have never conceived—the idea of grace and melody, since their dancing consists in shakings and contortions, which, though generally hideous, have sometimes the merit of being very extraordinary and ridiculous. In these qualities, indeed, are their rules of perfection; for some out-of-the-way feat, which made me constantly apprehend the dislocation of a member, never failed to excite a great deal of applause; and, as the *artiste* was not shackled by abstract ideas of elegance, he generally gave full scope to the exuberance of his fancy and the suppleness of his limbs. The music was in parallel taste; being no other than a few monotonous sounds, shrieked out in defiance of all scales, diatonic or chromatic.

4. Egabóh, in the “Ibu yam country,” is a neat village, though the inhabitants have a savage appearance. We held a *palaver* with the Chief and elders, to explain our motives in visiting their country. The whole population probably assisted at this conference, and had a very singular appearance, grouped and half-hidden among the *grass*, fifteen feet high. An embassy met us here from King OBI, who was much alarmed at our approach.

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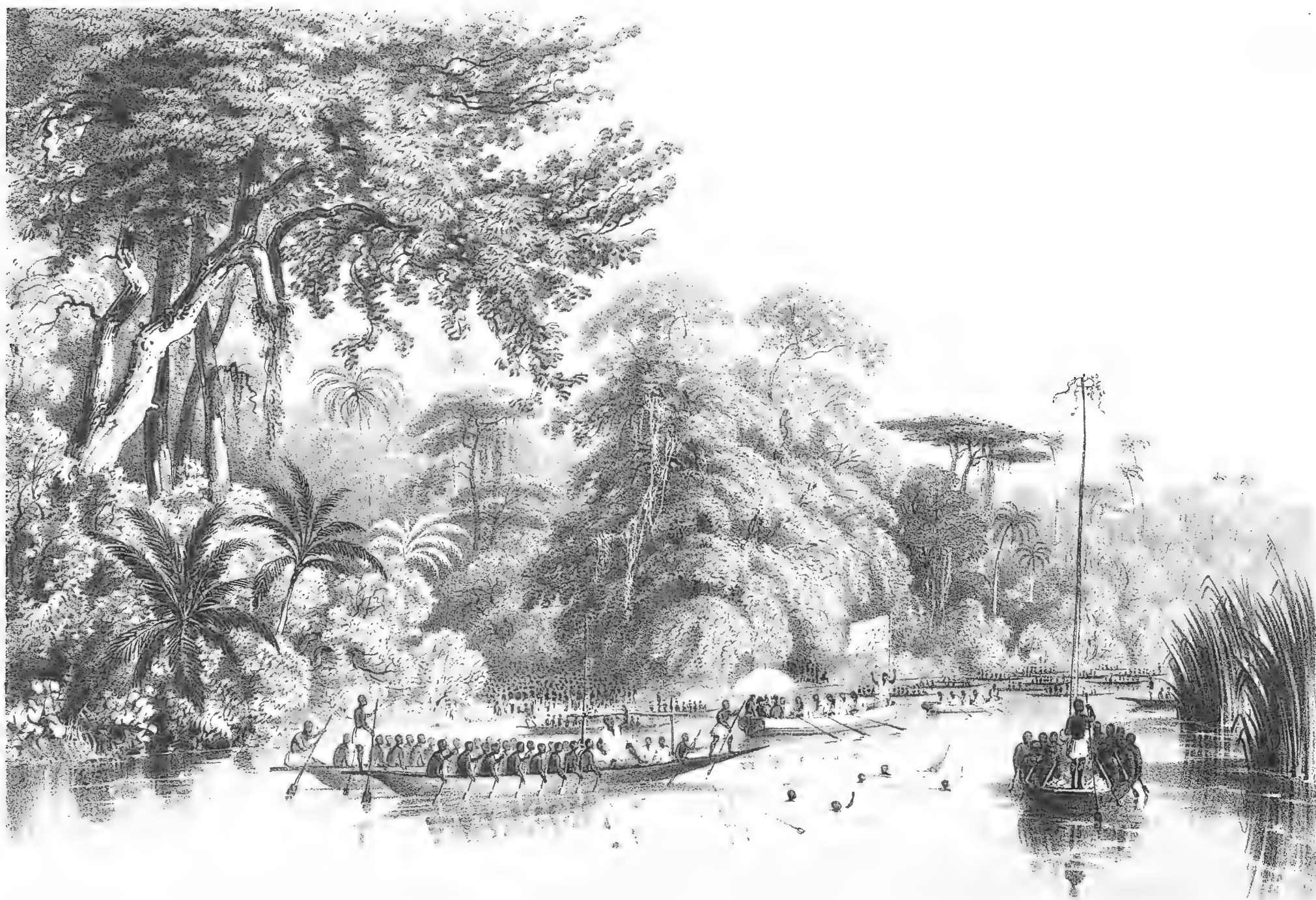


W. Walton. del.

4

Dry & Haghe Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

VIEWS ON THE NUN BRANCH OF THE RIVER NIGER.



W. Walton, lith.

Day & Hagae Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

PROCESSION TO IBU.

London Published Sept^r 1840. by John Murray — Hodgson & Graves. . Ackermann & Co.

The palaver was soon “set” with OBI’s messenger, who agreed that his master, as compensation for the injury his people had done to the brothers Lander, in seizing their goods, and in selling them as slaves, should pay two bullocks, ten goats, and four hundred yams. On our arrival off the mouth of the creek leading to Ibu, or Eboe—the capital,—it was thought advisable to take immediate advantage of the good disposition of the chief, and it was determined to pay him a visit. In order to have a more imposing effect, we made our appearance in our gayest uniform. Lander had on that of a general officer; I wore my own; and some of the gentlemen of the expedition displayed fancy coats of many colours, turbans, sashes, &c. PASCO, the chief of the interpreters, with his subordinates, variously and gaily attired, preceded us in the jolly-boat. We followed in the pin-nace, sheltered by a prodigious umbrella, of all the colours of the rainbow; with old Jowdie—a Doma slave, who had been purchased by Lander, and manumitted on his first journey,—seated in the bow, in the character of “Sàlikì-n maikidi,” the chief of the drummers, the proudest of the proud. Not satisfied with a good drummer’s jacket, he covered himself with all the ornaments he could lay his hands on, and which were more remarkable for variety than taste. He seemed, however, to think himself the most important person of the *cortège*, as he exerted his strength upon the sheepskin with considerable effect; though, with more noise than music, giving ample note of our approach. King BOY, who accompanied us with all his canoes, vainly attempted to marshal the procession, and clear a channel through the immense number of natives, who almost precluded the possibility of advance, by paddling about in all directions with canoes of every dimension; from the large war jilligi, capable of holding thirty or forty *pulla-boys*, besides warriors and passengers of all ages and both sexes, to a little frail thing, in which one person only could sit, with his legs projecting beyond the gunwale, there being no room for them inboard. Yet they paddled boldly, threading the openings between the *larger craft* with great swiftness and dexterity. Some canoes were paddled by eight or ten women. On we went, amidst the shouts and admiration of the natives; the numbers increasing, until there was scarcely room on the surface of the little creek to contain all the canoes; many of which got entangled and upset among the overflowed bushes, affording some ludicrous scenes. On the right bank, through every opening between the trees, and even among the branches, were innumerable heads, piled one above another, all striving to catch a glimpse of the passing procession; which must have had more comparative splendour than the proudest pageant in the eyes of a civilized multitude. They were dazzled by magnificence greater than the most glowing imagination of their poets—giving them credit for having any—could conceive; and they did not fail to testify their sense of it, by wild and almost frantic gestures. After rowing in this manner about a mile and a half up the creek, we landed, and walked through green lanes, an immense concourse of people hurrying us along; so that I had little time for admiring some of the most picturesque and beautiful vistas I had ever beheld; with groups of trees, such as painters would delight to study.

1. At Attàh we anchored abreast of the landing place, which is shaded by the magnificent *Adansonia digitata* and the silk cotton tree, among abundance of others of equal beauty. The path to the town winds over a hill, which, towards the river, terminates in cliffs about one hundred and fifty feet high; partly overhanging the water, and fringed at the summit with lovely pendant shrubs. Further back, among noble forest trees, mingled with palms and cocoa-nuts, part of the town is seen over the cliffs; but the *haycock* summits of the huts do not add much to their beauty. Nearer to us is a narrow winding path, among thick underwood and fragments of rocks, where the king used formerly to sacrifice human beings to the Spirit of the River. This practice, however, we had reason to believe, he discontinued at the strong remonstrances of Lander; and thus gave strong evidence of the power of civilization over the savage mind.

2. If there be one thing which can more than another be pronounced as characteristic of the natives of the interior of Africa, it is the love of traffic. This is indeed their ruling passion. All are traders, from the king to the slave children who wander about the whole day, with their little baskets of sweetmeats on their heads. It is highly gratifying to find that this feeling, which is the first step in national advancement, has attained a systematic regularity, in the establishment of markets in all the towns and villages of any importance; which are there usually held every fourth day. Besides these, at some parts of the river commercial meetings or fairs are held, to which, as in more civilized countries, the merchants, or rather brokers—for all trade is carried on by their intervention—resort from all the towns situated within reach, on the banks of the river. The most important of these, indeed the grand emporium of the commerce of all the nations below Rabba, is the Bokwèh, or Iccory Market, which Lander said was the same as that held at Kiri at the time of his capture; and in consequence of that event, it was broken up by his old friend Abokko. To this centre, flows the produce of the interior, to be exchanged for European merchandise—of very inferior quality,—which is brought from the coast. The neutrality of these reunions is *professed to be held sacred*, whatever wars may be in the land; and cheering indeed to humanity, would be the principle on which they are established, were it strictly acted upon. It would be beautiful in Africa—the hot-bed of violence and rapine—where every man's hand is raised against his fellow to enslave him,—could we vouch for the existence of such a *trêve-dieu*, especially if sanctified to the exercise of peaceful and legitimate commercial intercourse; but their neutrality has been frequently violated by the avarice and tyranny of surrounding princes, and the staple commodity, alas, *is man!* A foundation is nevertheless already prepared, in the deeply-rooted practices and most favorite pursuits of the inhabitants, on which, if we can succeed in directing them to their true and inexhaustible resources, a noble superstructure may be raised. Every important consequence, therefore, which we can hope to attain,—whether it be the encouragement of industry, the extension of useful arts, or the propagation of true religion,—must attend our efforts, in proportion as we strike powerfully, but with judgment, on that chord which already vibrates so freely throughout Africa.



T. Picken, lith.

CLIFFS AT ATTÀH.

Day & Haghe Lith.^{rs} to the Queen



T. Picken, lith.

MOUNTAINS & MARKET CANOES NEAR BOKWÈH.

Day & Haghe Lith.^{rs} to the Queen

London Published Sept^r 1840 by John Murray Hodgson & Graves. Ackermann & Co



Captⁿ W. Allen, del. — W. Walton, lith.

Day & Haghe Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

HUTS AT JOGGUH.

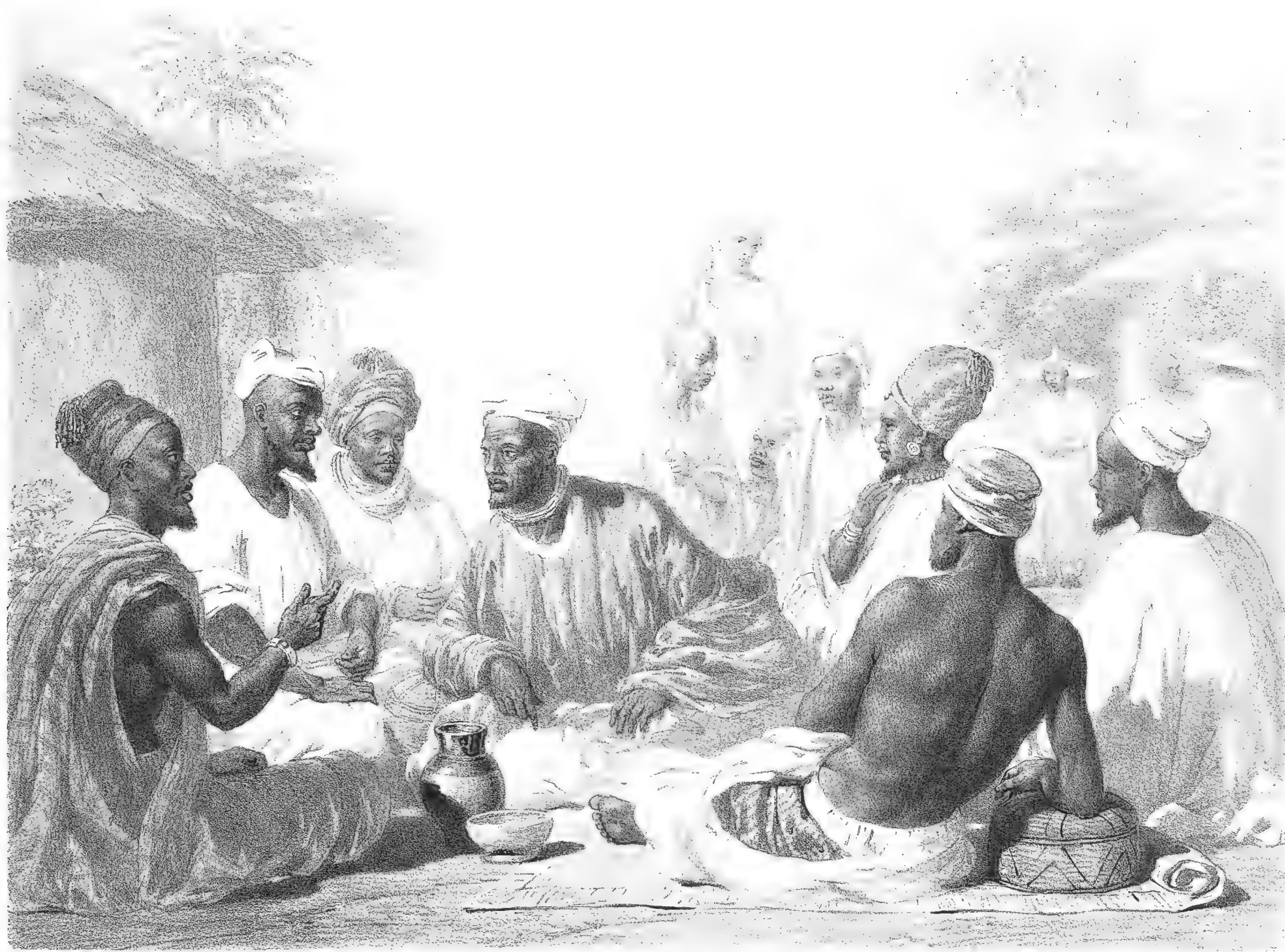
London. Published Sept^r 1846 by John Murray — Hodgson & Graves. — Ackermann & Co.

It is difficult, with our prejudices, to appreciate the principles of fitness and taste, by which the architects of Africa are governed. From the unvarying style of the buildings, to which the lapse of ages has probably brought no improvement, one might imagine that they have been guided solely by animal instinct, and that they have never departed from the lesson first taught by nature. The houses are usually devoid of every qualification which we look for in a dwelling, with the exception of shelter from the sun and rain. No difference is found between the palace and the poor man's hut; the former being in fact but an assemblage of the latter, proportioned to the number of wives and slaves of the possessor. These are thrown together apparently without plan, being merely inclosures made by joining with a low mud wall the circular huts, which seem dropped by accident on a large piece of ground. They usually contain but one chamber each; although sometimes a small space is partitioned off for a store or lumber closet. A few have flat ceilings of palm branches laid diagonally, but they are mostly open to the apex of the high conical thatched roof, and abundantly garnished with cobwebs. The floor is of mud, sometimes tessellated with bits of earthenware jars; more frequently, however, it is simply the rough uneven ground, as I found to the great discomfort of my bones, which were not then so well furnished with their fleshy covering as they usually are. The only admission of light and air, is by a small doorway, having the upper part so low, and the threshold so high, that a stranger is very likely, in paying his respects to the Penates, to break his head and his shins at the same time. The communication with the street, and from one courtyard to another, is by a hut called *Zauli*, having two of these inconvenient apertures. The meals are always eaten in the open air, or under verandahs formed by the projecting thatch of the roof, where the master of the house luxuriates with his friends, sending forth volumes of smoke; but they do not appear to have met for the purpose of exchanging very many important ideas.

The dwelling of our old one-legged trade woman at Joggùh, is represented in the accompanying sketch, and may be considered as a fair specimen of the residence of a respectable individual.

The costume of the better class of people in the interior, consists in one or more tobes—a dress like a surplice,—very wide trowsers, and a cap of scarlet cloth, if they can procure one. The rich and royal personages usually put on so many of these tobes of different colours—principally blue or white—that they appear quite unwieldy. Those who cannot afford thus to incumber themselves, wear a striped blue and white cotton cloth round the waist, or thrown in various graceful ways over the shoulder; and there is some art in arranging the folds, so that it shall not fall off. Indeed, they frequently reminded me of the manner in which some of the best statues of antiquity are draped.

In the accompanying plate, I have grouped together all the principal characters of whom I had individual sketches. They are, I believe, likenesses; though I must confess, that the foreheads have expanded to a more noble contour under the pencil. I witnessed such a scene as is here represented, when the King of Attàh sent a deputation to assure us of his friendly intentions, although he had threatened the inhabitants of the surrounding villages with his vengeance, if they supplied us with provisions; whereby he nearly reduced us to a state of starvation. He moreover subsequently caused our intrepeter, old Pasco, and two or three Krumen, to be poisoned. The principal man in the deputation delivered a very long speech, with great volubility, good action, and emphasis; as, however, it had to pass through two languages before I could understand it, all the poetry and flowers of rhetoric were lost in the double translation, especially as Pasco made a very lame affair of his English version; while the Malem Kitàb, who rendered it into the Haussa language, appeared to catch all the eloquence and impassioned manner of the orator. He was indeed so ready in giving every sentence as it was uttered, with precisely the same tone and action, that one might have imagined it to be the result of frequent rehearsals. The figure in the centre of the group is from a sketch of Abokko, the brother of the King of Attàh, but our most faithful and devoted friend.



T. Picken, lith. from a drawing by Capt^d W. Allen.

Day & Haghe Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

THE PALAVER.

London. Published Sept^r 1840 by John Murray... Hodgson & Graves... Ackermann & Co.



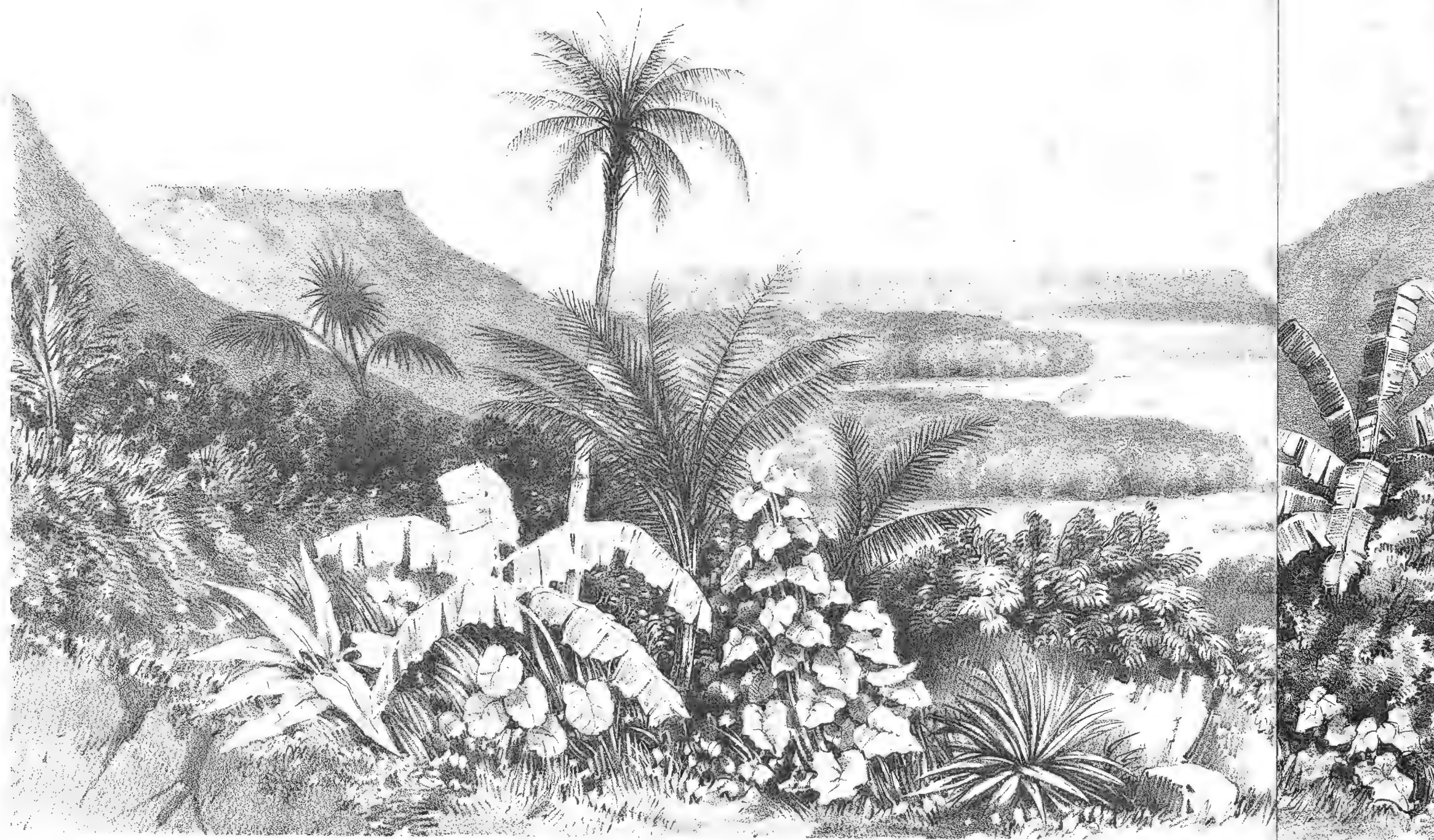
THE BAY OF

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Top of St. John, P. R. — W. C. Wood, del.

TUE IN My Salago Lath. 10th. 18

The most beautiful scenery on the banks of the Niger, is in the neighbourhood of the confluence of this river with the Chadda. Although the Niger will always command the greater interest, the latter is to all appearance the more important; since, at its junction, it is about a mile and a half wide, while the Niger is scarcely half a mile.

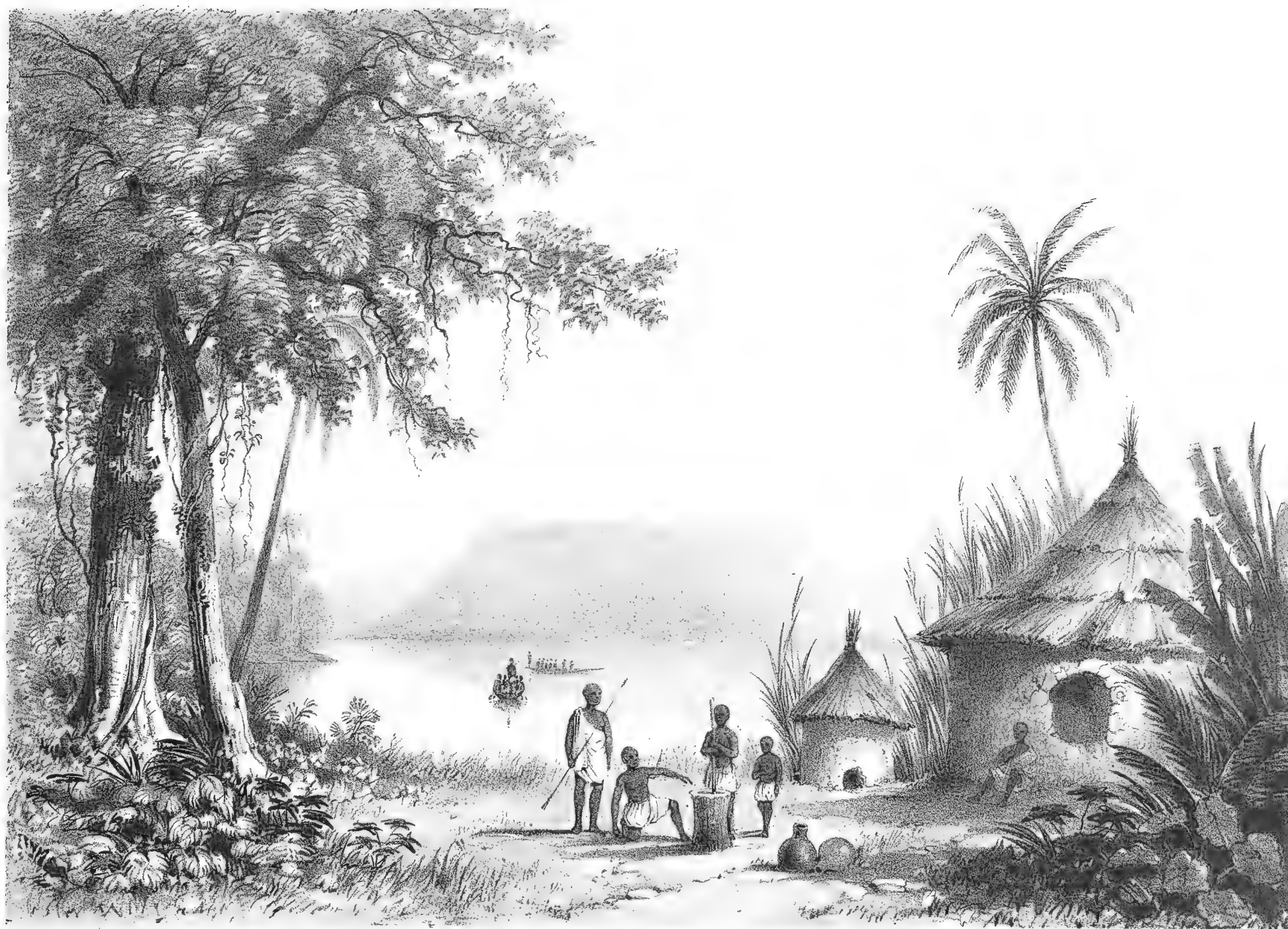
The mountains below the CONFLUENCE are irregular in their outline, and about 3000 feet high;—a part of the Kong range, which was formerly supposed to turn the course of the Niger to the interior, cutting off its communication with the sea, and puzzling geographers of all ages. Those above the confluence on both sides, are uniform tabular elevations of about 1200 feet, with a sloping talus covered with beautiful woods, and surmounted by perpendicular cliffs about thirty or forty feet high, cresting them with the appearance of an immense fortification, where imagination might trace turrets and watch-towers without number :—

“Buttress and rampire’s circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower.”

The sketch is taken from the summit of a little hill detached from one of these, on the right bank of the river. To the left is the Niger coming from between two ranges of table mountains. The Chadda is seen over the trees in the middle of the picture, and the united streams flow to the right, through the formidable Kong mountains, to the sea. On the plain to the right, I witnessed the deplorable effects of the disorganized state of society, in an attempt by a large party of mountaineers to enslave the inhabitants of a village situated in a little wood. I had scarcely landed one morning to take my ride—which I usually did when I was strong enough,—when there was a report from some of the natives that “war was coming from the mountain;” and in fact I very soon saw a number of men coming down the paths and gullies. At first it was said they were coming to attack us with 1000 men! At all events it evidently was not their intention to take us by surprise, as they gave ample note of their approach by shouting and blowing on a trumpet made of a small elephant’s tooth. They gazed at us some time over the brow of the hill; but their hostile intentions, if they had any towards us, were speedily disconcerted by the nine-pounder, which was fired from the Alburkah, and soon sent them scampering down the back of the hill. In the meantime, a deputation came from the village of Pandaiki—the real object of this slaving party—to ask for aid, which it was not deemed prudent to afford them out of our small force. I stationed the Krumen by the huts, where Lander was lying very unwell; and, learning from a scout that “the war which for a space did fail,” was gathering on the

plain to the southward, I mounted my poney and rode to the top of the eminence previously occupied by the enemy. There I saw, on a beautiful plain, two *armies* drawn up in battle array. The highlanders' line extended along the foot of the mountain, with the right flank reaching to a deep ravine, and the left resting on the wood at the foot of the little hill. The flower of the Pandaïkian chivalry had for the *point d'appui* of the left flank of their line, the wood which concealed the huts, where their wives and little ones awaited the issue of the conflict which was to restore them to their homes, or to consign them to the miseries of a hopeless slavery. The right wing of their line, which was parallel to that of the invaders, rested on the narrow pass—a kind of Thermopylæ—between the hill and the river, where I had stationed a couple of men. There might have been about 150 combatants on either side. It was a curious scene, though hitherto quite a harmless one: as, although they had been engaged a considerable time, not a warrior was laid low. They ran about, brandishing their weapons, and shouting, as if trying to frighten each other from the field. There was no waste of ammunition. Each warrior hoping to make his opponent his property, very justly calculated that a poisoned arrow would materially diminish his value; there was therefore happily a display of mercy on both sides. I know not how long this bloodless encounter of fierce looks would have lasted, or who would have claimed the honour of a victory; but an unforeseen circumstance occurred which greatly disconcerted their tactics, and hastened the *denouement*. A third party entered the field. Jack Smoke and Yellow Will, two of the Krumen whom I had ordered to remain by our huts, being tired of inaction, *debouched* from the wood on the highlanders' flank, and having taken up a favourable position behind some trees, they levelled their muskets, and—contrary to all the principles of warfare hitherto practised in the country—shot down two of the mountaineers! Their comrades, justly horrified at so unusual a mode of procedure, thought it useless to contend against such odds, speedily took to their heels, and escaped to their mountains. The gallant Pandaïkians pursued them with—their shouts, until out of hearing, when they returned to their joyful spouses, to relate their feats of prowess on the “well-foughten field.” I was willing to believe that this breach of discipline, and of the neutrality which I had professed, was the means of preventing greater misfortunes.

The next day, the King of the Mountain sent to deprecate our wrath. A deputation also came in a dancing procession—which reminded me of one of Nicholas Poussin's classical pictures—from the village, to thank us for our timely aid, which it was not deemed necessary to attribute to its true cause; especially since both parties were willing to raise statues to Jack Smoke and Yellow Will.



W. Walton, lith. from a drawing by Capt^d W. Allen

Day & Haghe Lith^{rs} to the Queen

MOUNT PATTÈH from BÂNGADEH.

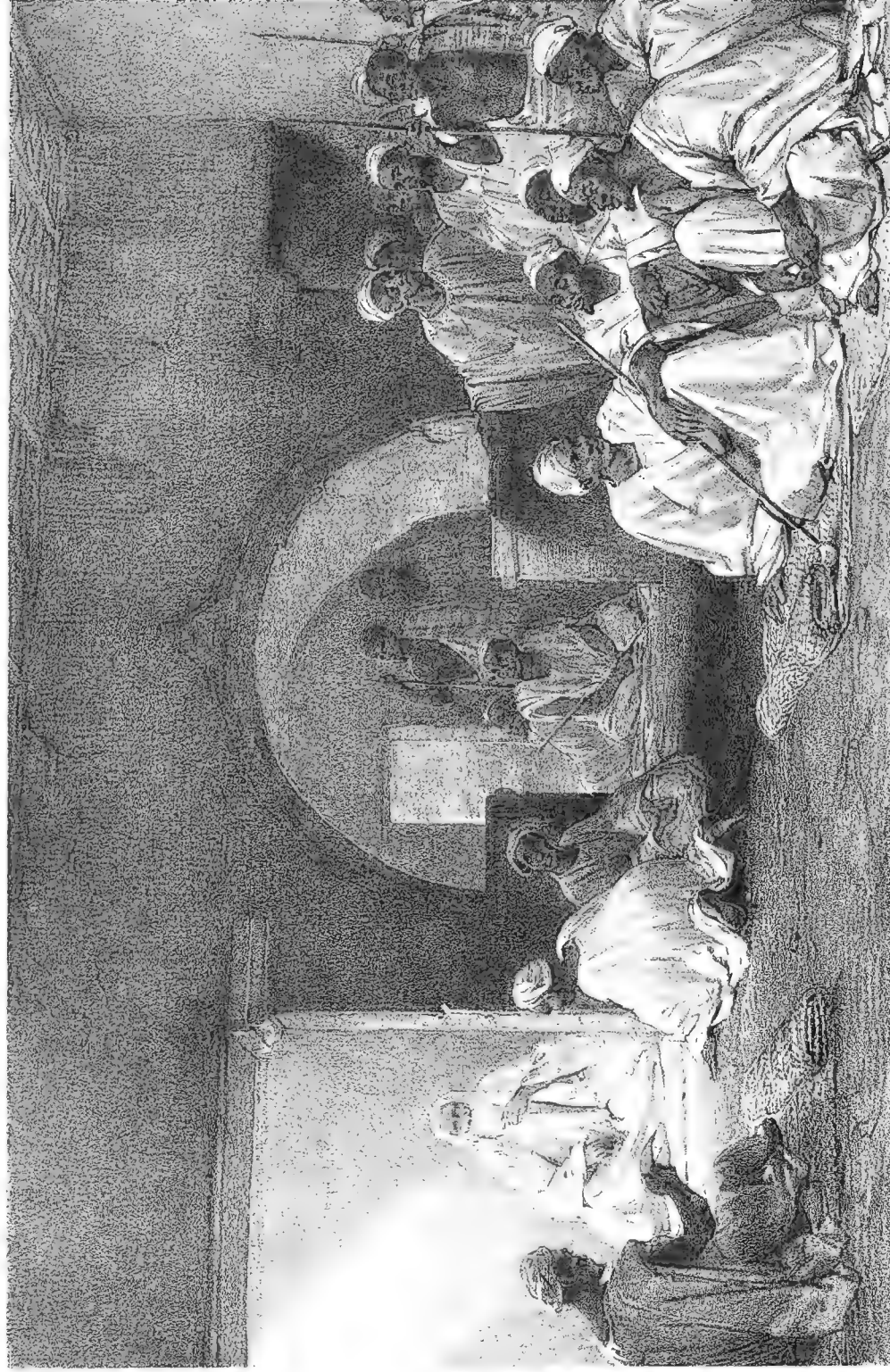
London Published Sept^r 1840 by John Murray. — Hodgson & Graves. — Ackermann & Co.



From a drawing by Captain Allen.

Day & Haghe Lithrs to the Queen.

THE KING GIVING JUDGEMENT IN THE GATE OF HIS PALACE.



C. Daghe lith. From a drawing by Capt. W. Allen.

Day & Haghe Lithrs to the Queen.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHIEF MALIEM'S HOUSE.

London. Published Sept. 1840 by John Murray, Hodgson & Graves, Ackermann & Co.

1. On coming out of my hut at Fandah one morning, I saw the king seated at the gate of his palace, surrounded by his great men, administering justice. At a little distance, on the grass, were two men and two women, who were charged with robbery. The evidence had already been gone through, before my arrival. The king was the principal speaker, and when he paused, the whole court murmured approbation. The younger woman made a long defence, and quite astonished me by her volubility, variety of intonation, and graceful action. The appeal, however, seemed to be in vain; for when she had finished, the king, who had listened with great patience, passed sentence in a speech of considerable length, delivered with great fluency and emphasis. In many parts he was much applauded, except by the poor wretches, who heard their doom with shrieks of despair.

The king then retired, the court broke up, and the people dispersed. None remained but the prisoners and a decrepit old man, who, with many threats and some ceremony, administered a small bowl of poison, prepared, I believe, from the leaves of a venerable tree in the neighbourhood, which was hooped and propped all round. The poor creatures received the potion on their knees, and, before they could be induced to swallow it, cast many a lingering look and last farewell on the beautiful world, from which a small draught was about to separate them. They afterwards drank a prodigious quantity of water, and when I next went out, the dose had done its deadly work. I cannot tell how far justice was truly administered, but there was a great appearance of it; and I must say that I never, in any court, saw a greater display of decorum and dignity.

2. While I was wandering one morning about the market-place at Fandah, I received a message that IBRAHIM, the head Malem, wished to see me. Following my guide, I entered a court-yard filled with people. On the opposite side was a square building having more pretensions to architectural design, than any I had seen. On each side of a low doorway, were placed a drawn dagger and a book. I entered, rather reluctantly, a large apartment dimly lighted and filled with people. It was divided by a wall, through which were three openings; that in the centre being an archway ornamented with a moulding. Through one of these I was led to a venerable man, who sat alone on a white bull's hide, his elbow resting on a cushion. A single ray of light from a narrow window streamed full on his long snowy beard and white dress. All around was perfectly dark; at least to me, who had just left the light of the sun. He gave me to understand that he was the High Priest among the Mahomedans; and expressed himself highly gratified at my visit, and with a small present which I had sent him. He gave me permission to sketch his house, and a square temple adjoining, built of mud, where some Mahomedans were vociferating their prayers. The court-yard was filled with devout loungers, who attended the Malem's levee. They treated me with great respect, though my operations excited surprise. Other courts on each side were occupied by the numerous wives, children, and slaves of the Patriarch, who did not appear to have limited himself in point of number. I saw among them some very pretty young girls, but whether they were his wives or *great grand-children* I could not tell. Most likely, among the many of the same age who were playing together, were some of the former, as well as his progeny of several generations.

1. At Rabba, the king commanded his *master of the horse*—the Baba-n durki—to lodge us in his quarters ; which, though consisting of a great number of huts, did not afford us such elegant accommodation as might have been expected from so high a dignitary. He was, however, very civil, and his wife did the very polite thing, by calling on us attended by her handmaidens. She reduced me, however, to a very considerable dilemma, by throwing herself on her knees before me. As I could not call to mind that I had ever received such a mark of attention from any civilized lady of my acquaintance, nor even of having read of such a precedent in any code of gallantry, I was utterly at a loss how to perform my part ;—whether to receive her with the dignity of an oriental, or to descend to my own marrowbones in imitation of her politeness. I steered a middle course, and raised her tenderly by the hand, whereat she and her sable and glossy nymphs laughed immoderately. She doubtless was a fascinating creature, though a little unwieldy withal. Her hands and feet were deeply tinged with henna, and her lovely eyes with antimony. Her hair—thickly plastered with indigo—was enveloped in a sort of turban, and a country cloth encircled her waist with many graceful folds. I gratified her with a few trifling presents—the principal object of her visit—and dismissed the *rosy-footed* charmer, apparently well pleased with her visit.

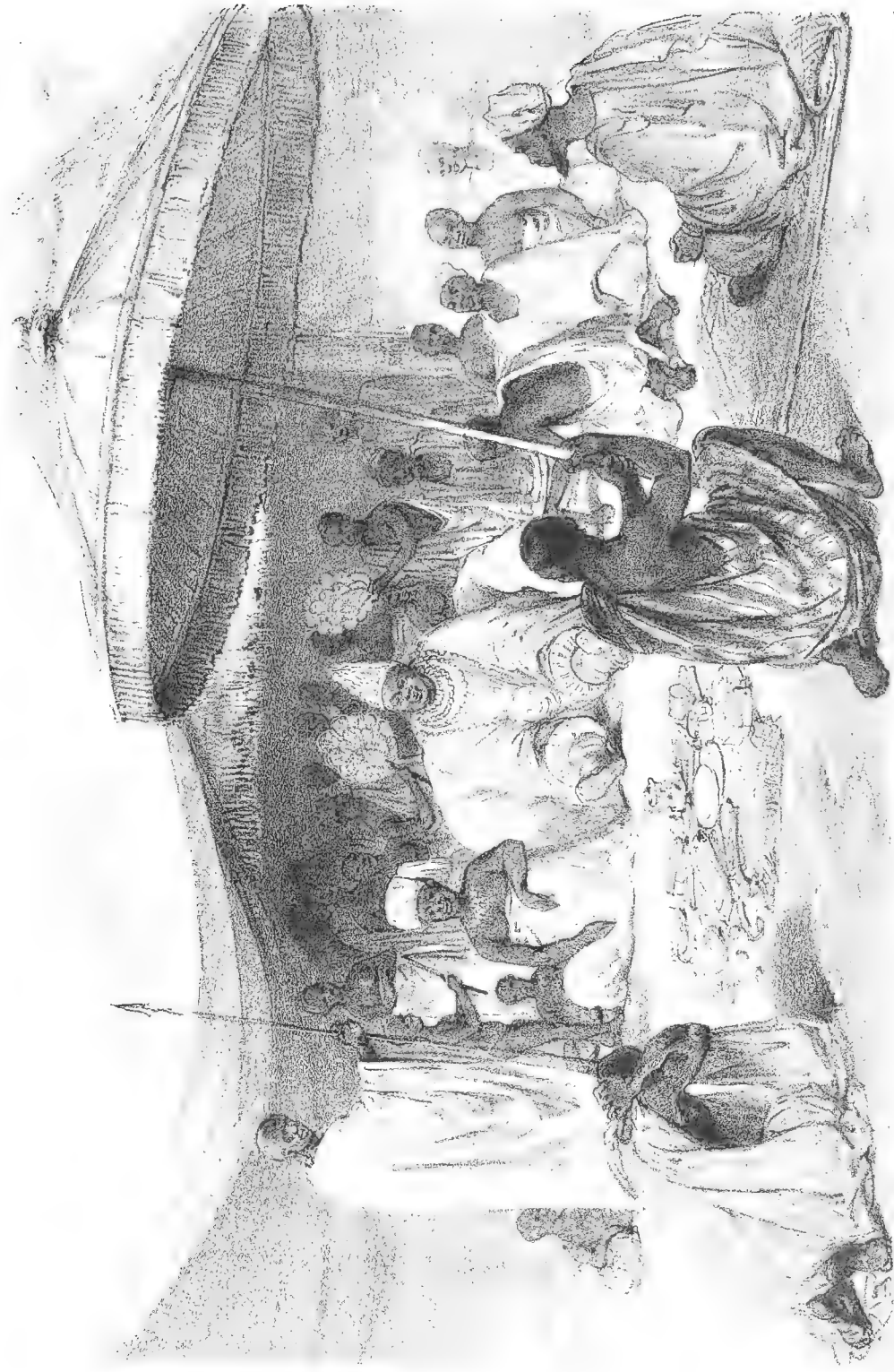
2. The king of Attah, or Iddah, had committed so many acts of incivility, as cutting off our provisions, poisoning some of our people, &c., that our acceptance of an invitation to visit him, may be deemed excessive rashness ; especially as the queen had prepared a *feast* for us. We, however, ate the smallest possible quantity of that of which she partook pretty freely, selecting our morsels from the immediate vicinity of where the royal finger had been plunged. There were, besides myself, Lander, Oldfield, Dean, and five Krumen ; and we took care also to be well armed, on entering the palace of the redoubted chief.

His majesty was gaily dressed for the occasion in a profusion of tobies, necklaces, &c., which must have required no small sacrifice of comfort to ostentation. His legs were encased in a pair of boots made of printed cloth, with tops like brass fenders sticking out at right angles from his shins ; and his chief amusement was to make them jingle. In his lap, and suspended from his neck, was a gilt representation—or libel—of the human face, very like the “man in the moon.” He sat on a large cushion, at the edge of a verandah of a thatched hut. The queen sat on the ground at his right hand, and behind, in the shade of the verandah, were his wives and female slaves. Some of the courtiers were respectably dressed, while others were in rags. Our worthy old friend Abokko was obliged to prostrate himself before his brother. The thatch was adorned with some pieces of Manchester cotton. We were seated under our gay umbrella, and the king was so pleased with our visit, that we had to make several efforts before we could get away.

The last plate, lithographed by myself, is intended to give a general idea of the scenery on the banks of the Niger. The first, “Beaufort Island,” is a very eligible situation for a factory. The other views shew the character of the mountains, which, above the Confluence, are all table.



THE MORNING CALL.



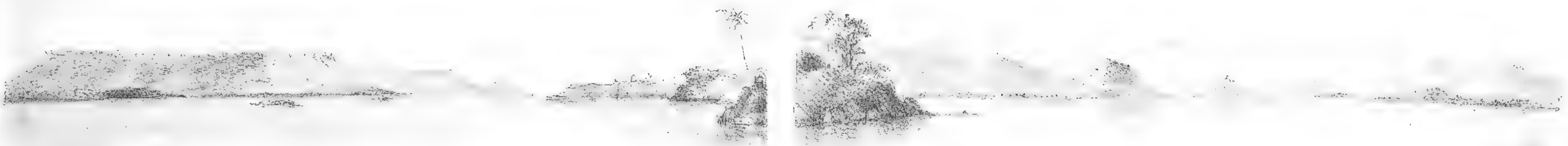
C. W. Allen, del. C. H. H. lith.

A. J. A. R.

D. & H. H. Lith. to the Queen.



BEAUFORT ISLAND.
Looking up the River



Looking up the River.

SIX MILES BELOW THE CONFLUENCE

Looking down the River.



Looking down

TWENTY MILES ABOVE THE CONFLUENCE.

Looking up



THE TERRY MOUNTAINS.

THE RENNELL MOUNTAINS



ZAGOSHI.

Looking up the River.

CLIFFS about 150 feet high.

THE CITY OF RABBA.

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